

Dessert For Two

Pennywise x Fem!

Reader - II

Khaleesi_of_Lannisport

[Dessert For Two by Khaleesi_of_Lannisport](#)

Series: Pennywise x Fem!Reader [2]

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Biting, Cigarette Smoking, Cowgirl Position, Emotional Manipulation, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, F/M, Implied Relationships, NSFW, No Plot/Plotless, Oral Sex, Period Sex, Physical Abuse, Smut, Unsafe Sex, Vaginal Sex

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT), Reader, The Losers Club (IT), Unnamed Protagonist

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s), Pennywise x Reader, Pennywise x You

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-22

Updated: 2017-09-22

Packaged: 2020-01-20 16:20:29

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,673

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A sequel to 'Eat Me,' you've returned as the middle school teacher after the summer break. You struck a deal with Pennywise, your flesh in exchange for the lives of the children of Derry. Its been two months since then and all the disappearances have stopped, but at what price?

Dessert For Two

September is here. You're back at work teaching in Derry's local middle school. You've tried to push back the memories from that summer. As you entered the building, beginning the new school year, you've noticed fewer desks filled in classrooms, and even the faces of your students have changed. One group, known by other students (and even some faculty), The Losers Club, has changed: Bill's stammer largely reduced, Eddie's hypochondria softened, Richie is less 'mouthy' and Beverly cut her hair and finally has friends. And yet you wonder...

'Were they targeted by him?'

The bell rings and you dismiss your class for the long three-day weekend. There's a Labor Day parade planned and you're unsure if you should go. Other faculty members took up tasks in helping with the festivities and the principal even cornered you to ensure you'd participate. You say you can't. You have other arrangements. You note your agenda plans. Written in red it says: dessert date. You've been using code to maintain your sanity. Calling it what it was disheartening and disgusting.

As you walk to the parking lot you see something strange. A red balloon tied to your rear-view mirror inside your car. You heart skips. 'He's watching me.'

You enter your car and untie the balloon. There's a card attached, written childishly in red crayon, 'Don't forget our date! Yum yum yum!'

You crumble the paper and toss it in the back. Your hands are shaking as you start the engine of the car and begin to drive home. The red balloon rests in the passenger's seat, almost as if he's driving with you. All the noises are blurred. The world around you melts away and becomes faded. The car pulls into the driveway and you enter your two-story home. Mom and dad left it to you in their will. You didn't have the heart to sell it and get the fuck out of dodge. Big mistake.

The daily chores make the evening go quickly, as if your life were on ‘Fast Forward.’ Night arrives and you begin your bath time ritual. The water runs at the hottest temperature, just as you like it, and candles light the hallway leading to the bathroom. Not that Pennywise needs directions to it.

You undress, taking a moment to view yourself in the mirror. Scratches and claw marks line your back, while bruised bite marks leave a trail down your thighs. Stitches are still healing on your left collarbone when Pennywise took a chunk out last time. He purred and kissed you afterwards, lips covered in your blood, his way of ‘apologizing.’ It was difficult to come up with a decent story at the ER that night.

You enter in the tub. You watch your skin pucker and change color, becoming soft. Its as if you’re a piece of a meat being thawed out in preparation.

You sink in further, letting the hot water melt away your stresses and tensions. The scent of the candles fills the room. Eyes soon become heavy and your mind drifts off. As soon as you begin to relax and forget your troubles, you hear jingling of bells and humming of a tune. The door creaks open as Pennywise enters, face full of joy and anticipation.

“Hello, Ms. N/A! Did you have good class? Were they good little boys and girls? Did they give you an apple?” He asks you in a sing-song manner.

You nod, “Yes it was a good day. I get to have a mini-vacation from them this weekend.”

“Ohohoho! I know! There’s a parade. I wonder if I should go,” his body fills the doorway, trapping you inside. Pennywise’s face turns sinister, “I need some convincing not to go. Maybe teacher can convince me.”

You don’t put up a fight. Pennywise likes these games, you’ve learned this in the last two months. He riles you up, threatening your students, you plea and beg, and finally he’s talked down into devouring your flesh instead. Sometimes Pennywise is gentle,

surprisingly sweet, as he gives you soft kisses and warns you of an impending bite. Most of the time he takes what he wants without question, like with his claws raked across your back, licking the blood from his nails and your flesh.

This time you have something sweet to give to him.

“I’m bleeding tonight, you can have me as a dessert,” your voice is firm but tired. You just want this over with.

Pennywise steps forward to the edge of the tub, his mouth in a child-like grin, “Where? Where are you bleeding from?”

“It’s called menstruation, Pennywise. It happens to all women. We bleed for a week, once a month. It can be quite painful and very annoying. You can help me by licking it all up.”

His interest is peaked, you notice this glaze grow over his eyes, and saliva gathers around the corners of his grin.

“Ohoho, let’s begin, teacher.” Pennywise grips your wrist and lifts you up from the tub.

You cry out in pain as your stitches are being stretched. Pennywise pays no mind and carries you out of the bathroom slung over one shoulder, dripping wet, and shivering. He plops you onto your bed, not the normal place where he devours you. He likes it in the living room or the kitchen when you’re inconvenienced by his visit amidst cooking or folding laundry.

You sit up in your dark bedroom and quickly turn on the nearest lamp by your bed. Pennywise’s face is full of glee and excitement.

He leans over you, eyes changing from golden-red to blue, mouth wet from saliva, “Now, where is the bleeding?”

Dripping wet and shivering from the cold, you spread your legs wide and point to your slit. “Here. Do you remember our first time? You tasted me there. You can taste my blood from inside me.”

You take his hand and guide two fingers in, gasping softly. He withdraws his hand and finds the glove soaked in dark red blood. You watch his face gleam with joy at this discovery. He plays with it

a bit, fascinated by the bloody mucus. Pennywise then sucks on his fingers greedily, like a child who doesn't want to share his dessert. He is a child at times. You lean back, taking a pillow from behind you for your head to rest on. 'This will be good.'

Pennywise sinks to his knees onto the floor, his gloved hands pushing your knees apart. His breath is hot against your flesh. He pauses to touch your bitten thighs, admiring his previous works. Your legs tremble a bit as his hands glide over them.

You break the tension, "Don't you want dessert, clown? I'm waiting."

He growls. Calling him 'clown' always sets him off, insulting and dismissing him as nothing but a jester. "Don't rush me!" he bellows.

You fold your hands behind your head, "Well then?"

Pennywise roughly pulls you closer to him, catching you off guard. 'Not a smart move.'

His thumbs pull apart your lips and shoves his tongue deep inside. You yelp in the suddenness of it. He then withdraws it and laughs. He wanted to make you squirm. Pennywise then flicks his tongue gently, tasting you, savoring you, just like he stated that first night. You're his birthday cake, something to enjoy slowly. You can hear him purr while lapping up your blood. You close your eyes and enjoy the moment. He's being gentle, taking his time, licking you like a child would ice cream. You're probably a mess down there. The room echoes your loud moans as you squirm and buck, your clit becomes engorged from his licks. Your breath becomes shallower as you can feel yourself getting closer to finishing. Pennywise knows this and his tongue furiously enters you and withdraws. You grab a fist full of his orange hair as you buck against him, pushing his face in further, and finally you finish. The afterglow is short lived as your mind returns to what you've just done. You can only continue this for so long.

'He'll grow tired of you and will devour your flesh entirely.'

You shake your head of these thoughts. You pull back his face to see it covered in your blood. Its smeared against the clown makeup, grinning up at you, making him even more monstrous looking.

You should be shocked but you've witnessed enough to view this as normal. Pennywise's tongue licks the corners of his mouth, but he misses the blood on his cheeks and nose. You instinctually take a tissue from your nightstand and hand it to him.

"Here, you missed a few spots." Pennywise takes it and wipes his face. You sit up, scooching yourself to the bedframe, taking your pack of cigarettes from the drawer of the nightstand and light one.

Pennywise watches you curiously, "What is that?"

"It's a cigarette," you answer plainly, not wanting to talk further.

"What's it for?" his childish interest almost seems endearing.

You cave and take one from the almost empty pack and offer it to him. "Do you want to try?"

Pennywise takes the cigarette in his blood-soaked glove hands.

"Put it in your mouth," you demonstrate with your own, taking a drag and blowing smoke out.

He follows your direction and you light it for him.

"Now, inhale."

Pennywise takes a long drag and huffs and coughs and tosses it away.

"Hey! Don't start a fire in here!" you cry out.

His face is scrunched up, "I don't like it! It tastes horrible! Why do you smoke these things?"

You take another drag and blow smoke in his face, making him even angrier, "Because I like the taste. And it makes me feel good after sex."

Pennywise climbs into bed with you and takes the cigarette out of your mouth, putting it out with his thumbs. "No more. Then you will taste bad. And I want you to taste yummy. Or maybe, I should find another tasty human."

His threatening eyes return to their devil-red color. You feel a flame grow in your belly. You already gave so much to him, why can't you have just this one thing?

"Fine. No more smoking," you answer through your teeth, crumpling the carton, tossing it to the side. Oddly, you feel like crying. You blame the hormones on your period. Its ridiculous to cry over giving up smoking. 'Why do I feel this way?'

A tear-drop rolls down your cheek. Pennywise catches it with his index finger and tastes it.

"How does my sadness taste, Pennywise? More delicious than my fear or my bloodied cunt?"

His eyes narrow and he bears his sharp fangs, growling at your sudden rebelliousness. You embrace whatever comes next. You're naked, partially wet from the bath, and unable to defend yourself. Something snaps within you. You want to scream and yell and throw things across the room. You're alone in Derry. No family living. No lovers. No friends outside work. No one.

Pennywise pushes you off the bedframe, taking your place leaning against it. He then drags you over his lap, forcing you to straddle him. His face is hardened, fangs still visible. 'What does he want?'

Pennywise's eyes lock onto your stitches. He knows what he did, taking a sizeable chunk out of your collarbone, making you yelp and scream in pain. A part of him enjoyed it, but now his face looks guilt ridden. His long tongue licks over your wound, like a dog would to help it heal. Pennywise watches your reaction, as you hiss in pain. He withdraws his tongue and grabs hold of your breasts and thumbs your nipples gently. They begin to bead at his touch, soft squeezes followed by massage. He then squeezes one and makes a honking sound. You groan. You can't read him. 'Is he just playing with his food before eating it?'

"I like these parts of you," he whispers, "They're soft. I wonder what would happen if I take a bite."

Pennywise begins to drool on himself massaging you. He pulls your tit into his mouth and takes a nibble, sucking on one before moving to the next. You whimper and feel yourself becoming aroused again.

You grab hold of the bedframe as you grind against him, his hands and mouth at work on your tits. Might as well enjoy yourself before becoming his dinner.

Pennywise stops abruptly and stares at your face. "I know what I want from you, N/A. I want you to ride me."

"Ride you?" you're a bit lost by this request.

Pennywise nods fervently, his bells jingling. "Yes, yes! Ride me like a carousel! So, I can feel inside you."

Oh, now you get it. "You mean you want me to ride your cock?"

More nodding, more jingling. You try to stifle your laugh. 'He doesn't know how to ask for sex!' You reach down to his crotch to feel his erection. You hadn't felt it before or been aware that he'd have a cock. 'Its definitely erect and ready.' Normally, he'd tear pieces of your flesh and leave you bloodied and bruised. This is the first time he's wanted to fuck.

You pull down his soft, silken clown-type pants. A part of you is curious to see what this monster's cock looks like. Is it scary like the rest of him? No, its ordinary looking. Pennywise must've molded it from a magazine he's seen because its larger than what you're used to. You take hold of the shaft, teasing the head at your slit before guiding it inside you. You watch his eyes as they grow in amazement. Pennywise is now the one moaning in pleasure. Maybe he's never been inside a woman before? You begin your 'ride' of him, slowly, holding onto the bedframe for support. Pennywise's face is a glow in ecstasy. His fanged smile is from ear to ear, and his eyes are rolled to back of his head as your bucks become harder and harder. His hands hold firm on your ass as he squeezes your cheeks.

You feel so embolden, you want to hear him say it, "Do I feel good, Pennywise? You like the way I ride you?"

His moans are guttural. Not good enough. You hold his face in your hands as you continue ride him, kissing his bloodied lips. You taste yourself, sweet and salty like sea salt-taffy. "Tell me how I feel Pennywise."

He growls and pants, "Good. You feel good, N/A."

You've forgotten how much of a talker you are during sex, "I'm your good girl, right? Tell me I'm your good girl, Pennywise."

You can feel yourself getting close, still holding onto his face, you need to hear him say it, "Tell me I'm your good girl."

Pennywise's eyes are completely rolled back, his ass squeezes are becoming rougher, "You're a good girl N/A. You're my good girl."

You buck harder, feeling how close you are, an "Oh god!" escapes your lips. Pennywise lets out a loud guttural howl as he finishes inside you. Feeling him become limp forces you to fake a quick orgasm although you would have preferred to finish again.

Pennywise licks your neck as you rest against him, his arms now wrapped around your back, tracing his claw marks. Both of you need to catch your breath. Your fingers run through hair as he washes your neck with licks and kisses. You've both got your desserts tonight.

"I like this," you say after catching your breath. He holds you for a moment longer without answering. You pull back to see his face. Clown killer that he was, at least the disappearances have stopped since you started this bargain.

"I like you," he says. Your forehead rests against his. 'What are you doing, N/A? What the fuck is this?'

"So, are you going to the parade?" you ask.

Pennywise shakes his head.

'Good. I've saved more lives.'

A bargain well struck.

END

Author's Note:

Felt like writing a quick sequel before my school work becomes too heavy. Tell me what ya'll think. This is was a bit more emotionally driven than just

pure lust for clown cock.